

THE ARIEL.

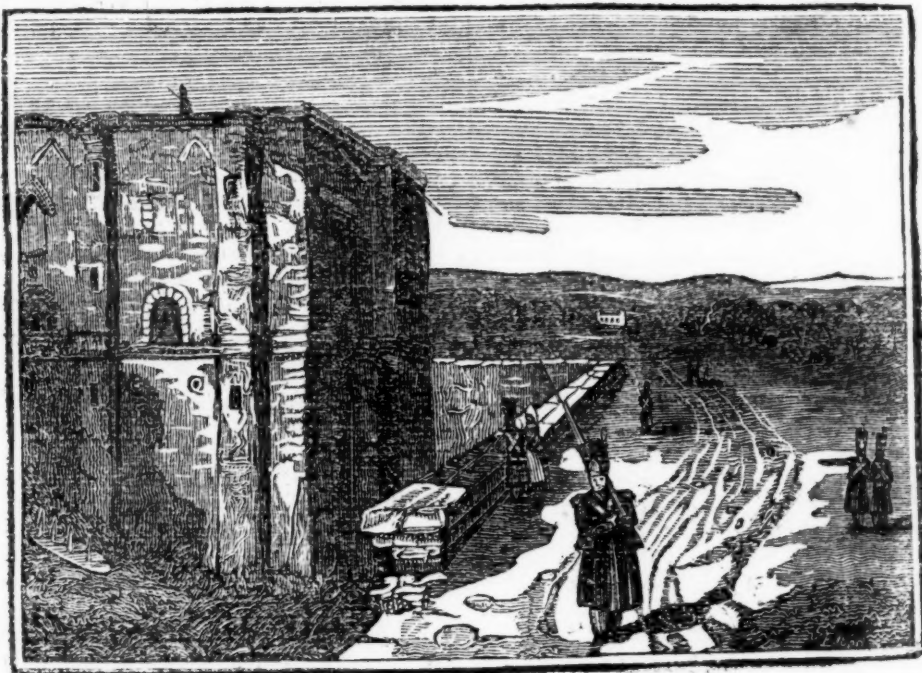
A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 9, 1831.

NO. 6.



CASTLE OF VINCENNES,

THE PRISON OF THE CONDEMNED FRENCH MINISTERS.

EVERY reader at all conversant with the history of the present century, or the past year, will appreciate our choice of the above Engraving. Its pictorial and historical interest will not bear comparison; unless it be in the strong contrast which the gloomy, wretched-looking building affords with the beautiful *passage* of the scene. The spectator may perhaps reflect on the damning deeds which the cruelty and ambition of man have perpetrated in the Castle, then turn for relief to the gaiety—nay, the dancing life and bustle of other portions of the picture—and lastly confess that the composition, slight as it is, abounds with lights and shadows that strike forcibly on every beholder.

To be more explicit—the Castle of Vincennes was formerly a royal palace of the French court: it then dwindled to a state-prison; in its fosse, March 21, 1804, the Duke d'Enghien was murdered, the grave in the ditch on the left being where the body of the ill-starred victim was thrown immediately after being shot. The reader knows this act as one of the bloody deeds—the damned spots—of Bonaparte's career; that, subsequently, by order of the Bourbons, the remains of the duke were disinterred, and removed to the chapel of the Castle; and that the place has since become interesting as the prison of Prince Polignac and the Ex-ministers of Charles X. previous to their trial after the revolution in Paris, July, 1830.

Before proceeding further, we ought to acknowledge the original of the above print. In 1816, a few days after the removal of the bones of the Duke d'Enghien, an ingenious gentleman, Mr. G. Shephard, was on the spot, and made a drawing for his portfolio. He was interrupted in his task by the guard, and notwithstanding the explanation of his harmless motive, was removed within the Castle: for those were days of political jealousy and suspicion. The Governor of the prison chanced to be acquainted with a friend who accompanied the artist; an explanation was given, and instead of a dreary lodging in one of the cells of the Castle, the "arrested" partook of a substantial breakfast in one of its best apartments. Mr. Shephard brought

a sketch with him to England, and, upon the frequent mention of the Castle of Vincennes during the recent affair of the French ministry, he caused the drawing to be lithographed.

The History of the Castle deserves detail; and we copy it from the last edition of our friend Galignani's *Picture of Paris*:—

Vincennes is a large village about four miles east of Paris, famous for its forest, and its ancient royal chateau. Philip Augustus surrounded it with strong thick walls in 1283, when Henry III. of England, presented to him a great number of stags, deer, wild boars, and other animals for the sports of the chase. That monarch, taking pleasure in sporting, built a country seat at Vincennes. Louis IX. often visited Vincennes, and used to sit under an oak in the forest to administer justice. In 1337, Philippe de Valois demolished the ancient building, and laid the foundation of that which still exists; and which was completed by his royal successors. The chateau forms a parallelogram of large dimensions; round it were formerly nine towers, of which eight were demolished to the level of the wall in 1814. That which remains is a lofty square tower which forms the entrance. The Donjon is a detached building on the side towards Paris, and has a parapet for its defence. Deep ditches lined with stone surround the chateau. It is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. The interior is remarkable for its windows of colored glass. Only seven now remain. To the left of the altar is a monument, after the designs of Desseine, to the memory of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien. It consists of four erect full length statues in beautiful white marble. The prince appears supported by religion. The other figures represent, the one, France in tears, having at her feet a globe enriched with *fleurs de lis*, and holding in her hand a broken sceptre; and the other fanaticism armed with a dagger, and in the attitude of striking her victim. The statue of the prince is replete with dignity and expression; that of religion is remarkably fine; near her is a gift cross, and upon her head a golden crown.

SELECT TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine for May.

THE FATE OF THE DUKE DE BIRON.

FRANCIS Count of St. Maurice, was born at Poitiers, in the year 1580. His father perished in battle before his eyes opened to the day, and his mother scarcely survived his birth a week.—His patrimonial property had been wasted in the wars of the league, and his only inheritance was his father's sword, and a few trembling lines written by his dying mother to the famous Baron de Biron, with whom she was distantly connected by the ties of blood. A trinket or two, the remnant of all the jewels that had decked her on her bridal day, paid the expense of arraying the dead wife of the fallen soldier for the grave, and furnished a few masses for the repose of both their souls; and an old servant, who had seen her mistress blossom into woman's loveliness, and then soon fade into the tomb, after beholding the last dread, dear offices bestowed upon the cold clay, took up the unhappy fruit of departed love, and bore it in her arms, on foot, to the only one on whom it seemed to have a claim. Biron, though stern, rude, and selfish, did not resist the demand. Ambition had not yet hardened his heart wholly, nor poisoned the purer stream of his affections; and gazing on the infant for a moment, he declared it was a lovely child, and wondrous like his cousin. He would make a soldier of the brat, he said, and he gave liberal orders for its care and tending. The child grew up, and the slight unmeaning features of the infant were moulded by time's hand—as ready to perfect as to destroy—into the face of as fair a boy as ever the eye beheld. Biron often saw and sported with the child, and its bold, sweet, and fearless mood, tempered by all the graces of youth and innocence, won upon the soldier's heart. He took a pride in his education, made him his page and companion, led him early to the battle field, and inured him almost from infancy to danger and to arms.

Although occasionally fond of softer occupations—of music—of reading, and the dance, the young Count of St. Maurice loved the profession in which he was trained. Quick-sighted and talented, brave as a lion, and firm as a rock, he rose in his profession, and obtained several of those posts which, together with the liberality of his benefactor, enabled him, in some degree, to maintain the rank which had come down to him without the fortune to support it. Attaching himself more and more to Biron every year, he followed him in all his campaigns and expeditions, and paid him back, by many a service and many a care, the kindness he had shown him in his infancy. So that twice he had saved the Marshal's life, and twice, by his active vigilance, had he enabled his leader to defeat the enemy, before he himself had reached the age of eighteen.

Gradually, however, a change came over the mind of Marshal Biron. Henry IV., his too good master, became firmly seated on the throne of France, and Biron, attributing all the King's success to his own support, thought no recompense sufficient for his services, no honors high enough for his merits and deeds. Henry was any thing but ungrateful, and though, in fact, he owed his throne to his birth, and to his own right hand, more than to any man on earth, he nevertheless loaded Marshal Biron with all the honors in his power to bestow. He was created a Duke and Peer of France, High Admiral, and

Lieutenant General of the King's armies; and many a post of distinction and emolument, raised his revenues and his dignities together. But still he was not satisfied: pride, ambition, and discontent, took possession of his heart; and he meditated schemes of elevating himself, till the insanity of ambition lead him to thoughts of treason. His manners, too, grew morose and haughty: he was reserved and distant to those he had formerly favored, and his household became cold and stately.

At the same time, a change, but a very different change, had taken place in the bosom of the young St. Maurice; and to explain what that change was, a fact must be mentioned, which is in itself a key to all the new feelings, and the new thoughts, the new speculations, and the new hopes, which entered into the bosom of the young, but fortuneless Count, about the end of the year 1600. About eight yeers before that period, there had been added to the family of the Duke de Biron a young niece, of about nine years old, a lively gentle girl, with bright fair hair and soft blue eyes, and pretty childish features, that had no look but that of innocence, when they were in repose, but which occasionally took a glance of bright, happy eagerness with which we might suppose an angel gazed on the completion of some bright and mighty work.—In her childhood, she played with the young St. Maurice, till they loved each other as children love; and just at that age when such things become dangerous to a young girl's heart, fluttering between infancy and womanhood, the Duke de Biron was ordered to Brussels on the arrangements of peace, and taking St. Maurice with him, he sent Mademoiselle de la Roche sur Marne to a convent, which she thought very hard, for her father and mother were both dead, and all that she loved on earth the Duke carried away with him.

St. Maurice was left behind at Brussels to terminate some business which Marshal Biron had not concluded, and when, after some lapse of time, he returned to France, and joined the Duke at the Citadel of Bourg, where that nobleman commanded for the King, he found Marie de la Roche no longer the same being he had left her. The bud had at once burst forth into a flower, and a flower of most transcendent loveliness. The form which his arm had encircled a thousand times, in boyish sport, had changed in the whole tone of its beauty. Every line, every movement breathed a different spirit, and woke a different feeling. The features too, though soft as infancy, had lost the roundness of infancy, and in the still innocent imploring eyes, which yet called up all the memory of the past, there was an eloquent glance beaming from a woman's heart, in which childhood was outshone. The young Count felt no alteration in himself, but was dazzled and surprised at the change in her, and felt a sudden diffidence take possession of him, which the first warm unchanged welcome could hardly dispel. She seemed scarce to dream that there was a difference, for the time that she had spent in the convent was an unfilled blank, which afforded scarce a circumstance to mark the passage of a brief two years. The Duke de Biron received his young follower with rough kindness, but there were always various causes which kept him more from the society of St. Maurice than formerly. There were many strangers about him, some of whom were Italians, and St. Maurice saw that much private business was transacted, from a knowledge of which he was put-

posely excluded. The Duke would take long, and almost solitary rides, or go upon distant expeditions, to visit the different posts under his government, and then, instead of commanding at once the young soldier's company, he left him to escort Mademoiselle de la Roche to this fair sight, or that beautiful view. In the pride and selfishness of his heart, he never deemed it possible that the poor and friendless Count of St. Maurice would dare to love the niece of the great Duke de Biron, or that Marie de la Roche would ever feel towards him in any other way than as the dependent follower of her uncle.—But he knew not human nature. Mademoiselle de la Roche leaned upon the arm of St. Maurice as they strayed through the beautiful scenery near Bourg, or yielded her light form to his grasp, as he lifted her on horseback, or listened to him while he told of battles and dangers when he had followed her uncle to the field, or gazed upon his flashing features and speaking eye while he spoke of great deeds, till her heart burnt almost to pain whenever his step sounded along the corridors, and her veins thrilled at the slightest touch of his hand. St. Maurice, too, for months plunged blindly into the vortex before him. He thought not—he hesitated not at the consequences. But one feeling, one emotion, one passion filled his bosom—annihilated foresight, prudence, reflection, altogether—took possession of heart and brain, and left the only object for his mind's conception—love!

It went on silently in the bosom of each; they spoke not what was in their hearts; they hardly dared to look in each other's eyes, for fear the secret should find too eloquent a voice; and yet they each felt and knew, that loving, they were beloved. They could not but know it, for, constantly together, there were a thousand voiceless unconscious modes of expression, which told again and again a tale that was but too dear to the heart of each. And yet there is something in the strong confirmation of language which each required for the full satisfaction of their mental hopes, and there are moments when passion will have voice. Such a moment came to them. They were alone; the sun had just sunk, and the few grey minutes of the twilight were speeding on irrevocable wings. There was no eye to see, no ear to hear, and their love was at length spoken.

They had felt it—they had known it long; but the moment it was uttered—its hopelessness—its perfect hopelessness—seemed suddenly to flash upon their minds, and they stood gazing on each other in awe and fear, like the First Two, when they had tasted the fatal fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. But the never-to-be-recalled words had been breathed, and there was a dread, and a hope, and a tenderness, mingled with every glance that they turned upon one another.

Still the Duke de Biron did not see, for his mind was so deeply engrossed with the schemes of his mad ambition, and the selfishness of his pride, that nothing else rested in his thoughts for a moment. Messengers were coming and going between him and the Duke of Savoy, a known enemy to France, and whenever he spoke with St. Maurice, it was in terms of anger towards the good King Henry IV., and of praise and pleasure towards the cold hearted monarch of Spain. Often, too, he would apparently strive to sound the disposition of his young follower, and would throw him into company with men of more art and cunning than himself, who would speak of the destruction of the Bourbon line as necessary for the good of France and

the tranquillity of Europe, and insinuate that a time might be at hand when such a sacrifice would be completed. St. Maurice frowned, and was silent when the design was covered, as often happened, with much art, and boldly spoke his mind against traitors when the treason was apparent.

At length one day he was called to the presence of the Duke, whom he found alone.—“Come hither St. Maurice,” said his friend: “I have brought you up, young Count, from your infancy to your manhood—I have been your friend in fair days and foul—I taught you the duty of a soldier, and the duty of an officer—I have raised you higher than any other man in France could do, or would do—and now tell me—whether do you love best Henry of Bearn or me?”

“Your words, my lord,” replied St. Maurice, “taught me in early years to love the King, and your actions taught me to love yourself, but the honor of a French noble teaches me to love my duty, and that joins ever with my love towards the King.”

“Ha!” exclaimed Biron, his dark brow burning, “must you teach me what is duty?—Begone, ungrateful boy!—leave me—thus, like the man in the fable, we nourish serpents in our bosom, that will one day sting us—begone, I say!”—St. Maurice turned to quit the cabinet, with feelings of sorrow and indignation in his heart. But grief to see his benefactor thus standing on the brink of dishonor and destruction, overcame all personal feeling, and he paused, exclaiming, “Oh! my lord, my lord! Beware how you bring certain ruin on your own head——”

But remonstrance only called up wrath. Biron lost all command over himself. He stamped with his heavy boot till the the chamber rang; he bade St. Maurice quit his presence and his dwelling; he stripped him, with a word, of all his posts and employments which he had conferred upon him, and bade him, ere two days were over, leave the castle of Bourg, and go forth from his family a beggar as he had entered it. Nor alone, in his rash passion, did he content himself with venting his wrath upon his young follower, but he dropped words against the monarch and the state, which left his treasonable practices beyond a doubt.

The young Count heard as little as possible, but hurried from the presence of a man whom pride and anger had frenzied, and hastening to his chamber, he paused but to ponder over all the painful circumstances of his own situation. Nothing was before him but despair, and his brain whirled round and round with that vague wild confusion of painful ideas, which no corporeal agony can equal. The predominant thought, however, the idea that rose up with more and more frightful prominence every moment, was the necessity of parting from her he loved—and of parting for ever, without one hope, without one expectation to soothe the long cold blank of absence. He could have borne the unjust and cutting unkindness of the Duke—he could have borne the loss of fortune, and the prospect of that hard fierce struggle which the world requires of men who would rise above their original lot—he could have borne the reverse of state and station, comfort, and fortune, without a murmur or sigh, but to lose the object in which all the ardent feelings of an ardent heart has been concentrated, was more, far more than he could bear. Thus he pondered for near an hour, letting the bitter stream of thought flow on, while every moment added some new drop of sorrow, as reflection showed him more &

more the utter hopelessness of all his prospects.

The setting out of a large train from before his window, first roused him from his painful dream, and, though he knew not why, he felt relieved when he beheld the Duke de Biron himself lead the way, caparisoned as for a journey. The next moment found him beside Mademoiselle de la Roche. Her eyes were full of tears, and he instantly concluded she had heard his fate, but it was not so. She was weeping, she said, because her uncle had come to her apartments angry on some account, and had harshly commanded her back to her convent the next day; and as she told her lover, she wept more and more. But when he in turn related the Duke's anger with him, and his commands to quit the citadel—when he told her all the destitution of his situation—and his hopelessness of winning her when all his fortune on the earth was his sword and a thousand crowns, Maria de la Roche wept no more, but drying her bright eyes, she put her hand in his, saying, "St. Maurice, we will go together! We love each other, and nobody in the world cares aught about us—my uncle casts us both off—but my inheritance must sooner or later be mine, and we will take our lot together!"

Such words, spoken by such lips, were far more than a lover's heart could resist. Had he been absent when that scheme was proposed—had he not seen her—had he not held her hand in his—had her eyes not looked upon him, he might have thought of difficulties, and prudence, and danger, and uncomfot to her. But now her very look lighted up hope in his heart, and he would not let fear or doubt for a single instant shadow the rekindled beams. He exacted but one thing—she should bring him no fortune. The Duke de Biron should never say that he wedded his niece for her wealth—if she would sacrifice all, and share his fate, he feared not that with his name and with his sword, and her love to inspire him, he should find fortune in some distant land. Marie doubted not either, and willingly agreed to risk herself with him upon the whole unknown ocean of events. It seemed as if all circumstances combined to enable them more easily to make the trial. The Duke de Biron had gone to Fontainebleau, boldly to meet the generous master he had determined to betray, and the old chaplain of the citadel, whose life St. Maurice had saved at the battle of Vitry, after many an entreaty, consented to unite him that very night with his young sweet bride. The horses were to be prepared in the grey of the morning, before the sun had risen, and they doubted not that a few hours would take them over the frontier, beyond the danger of pursuit.

The castle was suffered to sink into repose, and all was still, but at midnight a solitary taper lighted the altar of the chapel, and St. Maurice soon pressed Marie to his heart as his wife. In silence he led her forth, while the priest followed with trembling steps, fearful lest the slightest footfall should awaken notice and suspicion; but all remained tranquil—the lights in the chapel were extinguished, and the chaplain retreated in peace to his apartment.

There was scarcely a beam in the eastern sky when St. Maurice glided forth to see if the horses were prepared. He paused and listened—there was a noise below, and he thought he heard coming steps along some of the more distant corridors. A long passage separated him from his own chamber, and he feared to be seen returning to that of Marie, for he might be obliged at once to proclaim his marriage, lest

her fair fame should be injured, and he therefore determined to hasten forward, and strive to gain his own part of the building. He strode onward like light, but at the top of the staircase a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a loud voice demanded "Who are you?" St. Maurice paused, undetermined whether to resist and still try to shake off the person who stopped him, or to declare himself at once; but the dim outline of several other figures against a window beyond, showed him that opposition was in vain, and he replied, "I am the Count of St. Maurice; why do you stop me, sir?"

"In the King's name, I arrest you, Count of St. Maurice," replied the voice: "give me your sword."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

SYMPTOMS, MORAL, LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND PERSONAL.

SYMPTOM I.

When you meet a friend about five o'clock near his own house, and he stands gossiping with you at the street door, without knocking, take it as a *symptom* you are not wanted to dinner.

SYMPTOM II.

When you drop in for *half* an hour's chat at a friend's house in the evening, and your friend looks at his watch after you have been there *two* hours, while his wife packs up her needlework with a yawn, observing, "Well, I think it is time to give over for to-night," it is an infallible *symptom* you are a bore, and the sooner you export yourself the better.

SYMPTOM III.

If you are doing the amiable at an evening party, and in the midst of it are selected to make *o. e.* at a rubber of whist, it is a *symptom* there are younger persons in the room whom the ladies cannot spare as well as yourself.

SYMPTOM IV.

If you are travelling outside a stage, and when you stop for dinner, the porter brings a ladder for you to descend, consider his civility as a decided *symptom* (whatever you may think of yourself); that he thinks you a gentleman who has arrived at a time of life not favorable to agility.

SYMPTOM V.

When a rascally boy importunately offers to sell you a pair of spectacles as a bargain, you may conclude it as a *symptom* there is something in your appearance which denotes the father of a family, in spite of whatever the tailor may have done to dress you like your youngest son.

SYMPTOM VI.

If you have become a convert to the virtues of bear's grease, it is a *symptom* you may begin to admire high foreheads, and talk of the moral advantages of phrenology, when the bumps that denote interesting qualities in our friends can be discovered at a glance.

SYMPTOM VII.

If you meet a gentleman and lady, the gentleman looking vacantly serious, as if thinking of nothing—the lady placidly careless, as if perfectly satisfied—depend upon it these are *symptoms* of being man and wife, and that the husband has consented to a walk, though he would rather leave it alone, while the wife is pleased to find he is as attentive as ever. But when you meet a lady and gentleman in very earnest discourse, the gentleman talking much, the lady listening with downcast eyes, it is the *symptom* of an affair in progress which will probably end in going to church, or in producing good reasons for going there.

FOR THE ARIEL.

CATOCTIN, sweet stream, that meandering flows
 Through yonder gay sycamore grove,
 Where bloom the gay dogwood, the thorn and wild
 And wood-robins tell o'er their love; [rose,
 How oft on thy green mantled bank I repose,
 At russet eve's slumbering hour,
 And kiss the mellifluous zephyr that blows
 O'er the breast of each night-blooming flower.
 At morn's early vestige to thee I repair,
 To rove the green foliage among,
 And list to the birds, in the soft morning air
 That chaunt their harmonious song.
 Thou favorite grove, why not bloom all the year,
 In vesture of green gaily dress'd?
 Ye warbling songsters, why not remain here,
 And banish dull care from my breast?
 Rude autumn shall stretch out his with'ring arms
 The woodlands malignantly o'er;
 And then the loved grove shall be robb'd of its
 charms,
 And the wood-robin's song be no more.
 Thus 'tis with our life—thus it passes away,
 In scenes of enjoyment and sorrow,
 The sunshine of pleasure that cheers us to-day,
 Is shaded by clouds of to-morrow.
 Oh! where is the bosom ne'er rankled by care?
 The breast that's a stranger to pain?
 Oh! where is the soul never doom'd to despair?
 Alas! we may seek them in vain!
 But though it be thus, why should we repine,
 Since our anguish it cannot abate?
 The wreath of contentment let's cheerfully twine,
 And bow to the mandate of fate.
 Maryland, June 1. ASPENDIUS.

PLAN OF A NEW SETTLEMENT.

WE have before us the report of a meeting of a portion of the citizens of Wheeling, on forming a settlement somewhere in the new state of Illinois. It commences with a statement of some of the evils that exist in society under its present organization, and proposes a remedy of these evils, as far as relates to individuals, by an emigration to the West, where a system of laws may be established that will give a greater equality of rights. It is proposed to purchase land enough for a county, to be divided into shares of the value of \$50 each; and that no individual shall have more than two shares for himself, and one for each of his children. The community is to exclude the use of all intoxicating liquors—to prevent the establishment of banks on the present system; and such amusements as tend to corrupt the morals and debase the manners. Domestic warehouses are to be erected at the public expense, where all the families in the community may purchase their goods at the usual retail price; but all that is paid over and above the amount of carriage and cost is to be appropriated to the establishment of a Company Bank. This bank is to be the common property of the whole community; and it is calculated that 10,000 persons will, in this way, have a joint bank capital, in ten years, of \$7,500,000.

A city is to be laid out near the centre of the county, on the bank of some navigable river.—Each building lot is to contain the fourth of an acre; and sixty odd lots are to be reserved for school houses and meeting houses—the former to be built and supported at the public expense, the latter by the different religious denominations. Adjoining the city, two acres to each city lot are to be set apart, as a common field for the culture of fruit trees and the keeping of cattle. In the rear, and at each end of the city are to be public commons, 20 rods wide; and adjoining these, plantations of mulberry. The amount raised from the sale of the lots, after paying for the land and the public grounds, is to be set ap-

art, as a public fund for the improvement of the city. The mulberry plantations are to be rented for a small sum to the poor. It is calculated that one woman and four children can tend several millions of silk worms; and that one million will produce two thousand dollars worth in a season. The profits are to be applied to the increase of the literary fund.

The government is to be strictly republican. The people are "to adopt the modern improvements that distinguish the present age—the result of superior light and intelligence—the labors of talent and skill of the wise and good of our race in every country." The means of obtaining an education are to be furnished to every member of the community. To this end the schools are to be supported at the expense of the public; and the colleges and academies are to be so organized, as to enable the youth, resorting to them, to labor a portion of their time during the summer months on farms, and during the winter in workshops.

The above is a brief statement of the objects which the projectors of the settlement have in view. The plan taken altogether, is visionary—but there are parts of it that might be put into practice in any community. It would be a great advantage to the poor of our cities to be able to purchase their goods at the amount of cost and carriage; and an association among them to that purpose would place it in their power in a very few years. One dollar paid yearly into a common treasury by every member of such an association, would soon raise a fund for the erection of buildings and the purchase of goods. These goods they could obtain at a saving of one half, or, at least, one fourth of their present cost in the market. In this way, with the present price of labor, they would, in the exercise of a proper economy, be able to lay up something against the coming on of old age. At present, a laboring man in our cities, has little inducement to persevere, as all, or nearly all, his earnings must be expended in satisfying the demands of his landlord and the wants of his family. Oftentimes his necessary expenditures far exceed the amount of his income.

Addison and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion Addison lent Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject, on which Stanyan had always been used strenuously to oppose his opinion. But even upon this occasion he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Addison so much, that he said to Stanyan, "Either contradict me, or pay me the money."

MAID OR WIFE.—An article of traffic very prevalent among the Turkomans will strike the reader as curious and unique. The Turkoman buys his wife, and it is said, will give in the proportion of ten to one more for a widow than a maid. A lady that has been married, and acquired any degree of celebrity in housewifery, will fetch from two to four thousand rupees. The average price of a maiden, unskilled in the economy of a household, is from two to four hundred only.

From the Essex Gazette.

THE WITCH.

The winter blast blew keen and cold,
 And drifted lay the snow;
 When Dolly came to Mary's home,
 With wearied foot and slow.
 She muffled close her tattered hood—
 Her old and faded cloak;
 And thrice she knocked the bolted door,
 When shrilly, thus she spoke.
 "Keen blows the wind from yonder hill,
 The snow is freezing cold,
 My hood and cloak are thin and torn,
 My limbs are weak and old.
 "Come, pretty Mary, let me in,
 And pillow this old head,
 And let me warm me by the fire,
 And taste thy Indian bread."
 "Away—away—thou screaming witch—
 Go down to neighbor Glinn;
 My babe is sleeping sweetly now—
 I cannot let thee in!"
 "Oh do not turn me off this night!
 I can no further go;
 I cannot reach old neighbor Glinn,
 The winds so roughly blow.
 "Come, pretty Mary, let me in—
 I'll weave for thee a charm;
 Thy flocks I'll save from deadly plagues—
 Thy bonny babe from harm."
 "Away—old hag—I tell thee nay!
 I have no bread for thee;
 If thou dost hunger or art cold,
 Thou ever com'st to me!"
 Then stood the Witch where Mary's fire
 Upon the snowbank gleamed;
 And with her shrivelled arm upraised,
 She loud and shrilly screamed.
 "My foulest curse on thee and thine,
 Thou scornful, heartless one!
 No pity shalt thou have from me,
 If thou can'st offer none.
 "With mourning shall thy cheek grow thin,
 Hot tears shall scald thine eye!
 Thy babe shall summer in a shroud—
 Thy herds shall quickly die!"
 She went away—and closer wrapped
 Her tattered hood and cloak;
 And all that cold and windy night,
 She lay beneath an oak.
 Hard-hearted Mary heard the curse—
 And she did half repent,
 Whene'er she stirred the blazing fire,
 And o'er her infant bent.
 And long ere flowers had bloomed again—
 Or meadow grass was green,
 Poor Mary pale and sad had grown,
 And weeping oft was seen.
 For murrain emptied all her stalls,
 And swept her flocks away,
 And knowing ravens fed on them
 From morn 'till evening gray.
 And last of all, her prattling babe
 To Death's stern message bowed;
 Oh, how poor Mary wept when she
 Was winding round its shroud!
 Then Dolly came and laid her hand
 Upon its pale cold head;
 She lifted up its snow-white shroud,
 And tauntingly she said:
 "Come, pretty Mary, let me in,
 I'll weave for thee a charm;
 Thy flocks I'll save from deadly plagues—
 Thy bonny babe from harm."

EPITAPH ON A POTTER.

How frail is man—how short life's longest day!
 Here lies the worthy Potter turned to clay!
 Whose forming hand, and whose reforming care,
 Has left us full of flaws. Vile earthenware!

LITERARY.

BOURRIENNE'S NAPOLEON.

SECOND NOTICE.

MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.—Though Napoleon is now as quiet as his forefathers, yet all that relates to him belongs to the most stirring period of modern history, and his crimes and qualities will form the topic and the lesson of many a generation to come. De Bourrienne's *Memoirs* of him are undoubtedly the most curious book that has yet appeared relative to this wonder of the nineteenth century. How much of it is exaggeration, or direct falsehood, rests with the writer; though we can readily conceive that De Bourrienne, who himself was a partaker in the crimes and profits of the Napoleon time, must have suppressed a great deal, and *embellished* a great deal more. But where his story tells *against* the hero of his idolatry, we may believe him, for there he is a reluctant witness, and his fancy is forced to succumb to his facts. The horrid murder of the Duc d'Engbien has been denied and doubted, and flung from Talleyrand to Savary, and from Savary to half-a-dozen heads besides. But De Bourrienne fixes it directly on Napoleon, by the fact that the unfortunate Bourbon's grave was dug before his trial, and almost at the moment of his arrival in Paris!

"On the evening of the day before yesterday, when the prince arrived, I was asked whether I had a room to lodge a prisoner in; I replied, no—that there were only my room and the council chamber. I was told to prepare instantly an apartment in which a prisoner could sleep who was to arrive that evening. I was also desired to dig a pit in the courtyard. I replied that that could not be easily done, as the courtyard was paved. The moat was then fixed upon, and there the pit was dug. The prince arrived at seven o'clock in the evening; he was perishing with cold and hunger. He did not appear dispirited. He said he wanted something to eat, and to go to bed afterwards. His apartment not being yet sufficiently warmed, I took him into my own, and sent into the village for some refreshment. The prince sat down to table, and invited me to eat with him. He then asked me a number of questions respecting Vincennes—what was going on there, and other particulars. He told me that he had been brought up in the neighborhood of the castle, and spoke to me with great freedom and kindness. 'What do they want with me?' he said. But the question betrayed no uneasiness or anxiety. My wife, who was ill, was lying in the same room in an alcove closed by a railing. She heard, without being perceived, all our conversation, and she was exceedingly agitated, for she recognized the prince, whose foster-sister she was, and the royal family had given her a pension before the revolution. The prince hastened to bed; but before he could have fallen asleep, the judges sent to request his presence in the council-chamber. I was not present at this examination; but when it was concluded he returned to his chamber, and when they came to read his sentence to him he was in a profound sleep. In a few moments after he was led out for execution. He had so little suspicion of the fate that awaited him, that on descending the staircase leading to the moat, he asked where they were taking him. He received no answer. I went before the prince with a lantern. Feeling the cold air which came up the staircase, he pressed my arm and said, 'Are they going to put me into a dungeon?'—'The rest is known.'"

This was the declaration which Harrel, one of the culprits, made to De Bourrienne.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels, by Capt. Basil Hall, 2v. 18mo. Philadelphia, published by Carey & Lea.—We have a prejudice against Capt. Hall, as all Americans ought to have, and it extends to

whatever proceeds from his pen. Nevertheless we have read these two volumes carefully; they contain a good deal that is amusing, more that is tedious, and the whole is marked by the Captain's prevailing vice, the most disgusting egotism. It breaks out in the very first page of his book, thus:—

"Various circumstances conspired to give me, very early in life, what is called, a taste for sea. In the first place, I came into the world in the midst of a heavy gale of wind; when such was the violence of the storm, and the beating of the rain, that there were some thoughts of removing the whole party to the less rickety corner of the old mansion, which shook from top to bottom. So strong, indeed, was the impression made on the imagination of those present, by the roaring of the surf, close at hand, the whistling of the wind in the drenched forest, and the obvious rocking of the house, under the heavy gusts of that memorable gale, that, as soon as I grew old enough to understand any thing at all the association between the events of my future life, and those of my birth-night, began to be sown in my mind. Thus, long before I shipped a pair of trowsers, I felt that a salt water destiny was to be mine; and as every body encouraged me to cherish these early predilections for the sea, I grew up with something of the same kind of certainty of becoming a sailor, as an elder brother does of becoming a country gentleman, from his knowing—"for quickly comes such knowledge"—that the estate is entailed upon him."

His description of the night-watch is pleasant, though we have labored through many pages to find a paragraph as intelligible as the following:—

"To a lad who has health and spirits, keeping watch is rather agreeable than otherwise. I speak from about twelve years of almost uninterrupted experience of the practice, when I say that, upon the whole, its pleasures outweigh its annoyances.—There is no opiate, that ever was devised, which gives such a hearty relish to sleep, as a good four hours' night-watch. Without refining or philosophising too deeply, every one, I am sure, who has tried the experiment, will recollect the sort of complete satisfaction with which he has 'turned in,' after having gone through his work, and stripped off his dripping clothes. Still less will he forget the delightful kind of hug, which he has bestowed upon himself, when fairly under the blankets. All the world is then forgotten; the labors of the night just beginning—no matter, his watch is out—his task is done. "I'll go to sleep," he says; and, sure enough, a young niddy, after the weary watch is out, lies down as perfect a personification of Shakespeare's ship-boy as imagination could desire. Though not literally perched on the high and giddy mast, he is pretty nearly as soundly rocked; for, after being bagged up in a hammock, and hoisted close to the beams, in the cable tier, with only a foot and a half of space above, and not half a foot below him, he is banged, at every roll, against the stanchions, or driven by the motion of the ship against the deck overhead. In spite of all this, added to the loud creaking of the lower-deck guns, and the hundred and fifty other noises above and below him, he sleeps through all, and sleeps soundly; or, as the Spaniards say, 'Rienda suelty,'—at full gallop."

America is a frequent theme with the Captain; yet he contents himself with a sort of slur at us, instead of the open abuse he showered upon us in his last book. His efforts to deprecate the just odium which rests upon him in consequence of his malicious abuse of this country, are exceedingly lame and inefficient:—

"The Americans are perpetually repeating, that the foundation stone of their liberty is fixed on the doctrine that every man is free to form his own opinions, and to promulgate them in candour and in moderation. Is it meant that a foreigner is excluded from these privileges? If not, may I ask, in what respect have I passed these limitations?—

The Americans have surely no fair right to be offended because my views differ from theirs; and yet, I am told, I have been rudely enough handled by the press of that country. If my motives are distrusted, I can only say I am sorely belied; if I am mistaken, regret at my political blindness were surely more dignified than anger on the part of those with whom I differ; and if it shall chance that I am in the right, the best confirmation of the correctness of my views, in the opinion of indifferent persons, will perhaps, be found in the soreness of those who wince when the truth is spoken.

"Yet, after all, few things would give me more real pleasure than to know that my friends across the water would consent to take me at my word; and, considering what I have said about them as so much public matter—which it truly is—agree to reckon me in my absence, as they always did when I was amongst them—and I am sure they would count me if I went back again—as a private friend. I differed with them in politics, and I differ with them now as much as ever; but I sincerely wish them happiness individually; and as a nation I shall rejoice if they prosper. As the Persians write, "What can I say more?" And I only hope these few words may help to make my peace with a people who justly pride themselves in bearing no malice. As for myself, I have no peace to make; for I have studiously avoided reading any of the American criticisms on my book, in order that the kind feelings I have ever entertained towards that country should not be ruffled. By this abstinence, I may have lost some information, and perhaps missed many opportunities of correcting erroneous impressions. But I set so much store by the pleasing recollections of the journey itself, and of the hospitality with which my family were every where received, that, whether it be right or whether it be wrong, I cannot bring myself to read any thing which might disturb these agreeable associations. So let us part in peace! or rather, let us meet again in cordial communication; and if this little work shall find its way across the Atlantic, I hope it will be read there without reference to any thing that has passed between us; or, at all events, with reference only to those parts of our former intercourse which are satisfactory to all parties."

On the whole, these volumes, though abounding with instances of insufferable egotism, contain some clever chapters. Captain Hall was present at Corunna, and gives the most intelligible account of that sanguinary battle we remember to have read. The destruction of the town of Coreubion in Spain, by the soldiers of the great Butcher of the Nineteenth Century, is narrated with spirit and clearness, and in the second volume will be found a description of the chase and capture of a French privateer, written in very animated style. The lover of travels will find the Island of Madeira, with its luxuriant vineyards and lofty mountains, described in glowing language. Indeed, the picture of that delightful spot is one of the best chapters in the work.

Elements of Rhetoric, exhibiting a methodical arrangement of all the important ideas of the Ancient and Modern Rhetorical Writers, designed for the use of Colleges, Academies and Schools, by John A. Getty, A. M. Philadelphia, published by E. Littell.—The object of this work is very fully explained in the title. Mr. Getty has evidently bestowed much labor in getting up these Elements, and abundant evidence appears of his having consulted all the old writers, with many of the moderns. The study of elocution is one which the youth of this country have too much neglected, when it is known to open to the aspiring a sure road to fame and fortune. Mr. Getty's work appears well fitted to aid the student in attaining a knowledge of this most popular art.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

Robert Goodloe Harper, was born near Fredericksburg, Virginia, of poor but respectable parents, who, while he was very young, emigrated to Granville, in North Carolina. He displayed, in his boyhood, vivacity of spirit and versatility of talent, and, before the age of 15, possessed the rudiments of a liberal education, a various fund of profitable ideas, and an expertness in the use of tools, which would have made him a successful mechanic. The ardor and gallantry of his character prompted him, at that age, to join a troop of horse, composed of the young men of the neighborhood, to which he acted as quartermaster, and with them he participated in Greene's campaign; but his thirst for learning and intellectual culture soon induced him to withdraw from the military career, and seek some situation in which he could complete his studies. He procured admission into Princeton college, where he taught one or two of the inferior classes, while he gained instruction and distinction in the upper. About the age of 19 or 20, he accompanied a fellow student to Philadelphia, on a visit, and here formed the resolution to embark, at once, for England, and make the tour of Europe on foot. He intended to begin with giving lessons in London, and to work simultaneously at the trade of a joiner, for which he was qualified by his early practice. This romantic project was frustrated by ice in the Delaware, that prevented the departure of any vessel during many weeks, in the course of which the youthful adventurer nearly exhausted his purse, and had leisure to reflect upon the difficulties of the enterprise. As soon as the river became navigable, he resolved to sail for Charleston, and try his fortune there, his new scheme being to study the law. He arrived, after a short passage, at that city, and found himself on the wharf, a stranger to every one, with but a dollar or two in his pocket. As he stood ruminating on his condition, he was accosted by a man of respectable appearance, who asked him whether he had not taught a class at Princeton college, in which there was a youth of a certain name; and, being answered affirmatively, he proceeded to say that the youth was his son, who had rendered him familiar with the name of his tutor by the affectionate testimony often repeated in his letters. He professed a strong desire to serve his new acquaintance, mentioned that he kept an hotel, and offered him any assistance which he might require. The welcome kindness was accepted; the generous friend introduced him to a lawyer, under whom he prepared himself for the same profession; and, in less than twelve months, he undertook cases on his own account. The hope of speedier success in his profession induced him to retire from Charleston to an interior district; and in this residence he first acquired some political consideration by a series of essays, in a newspaper, on a proposed change of the constitution of the state; and he was soon elected into the legislature. The reputation which he gained, as a speaker and man of business, soon placed him in congress. It is unnecessary to follow him in his legislative course of eight or nine years, from the commencement of the French revolution to the year 1802, when the democratic party had succeeded to the national government. In the importance of events and discussions, the excitement of parties, the talents of leaders, the difficulties of action, the period just mentioned may be termed the most remarkable in our independ-

ant annals. Such men as Marshal, Madison, Giles, Nicholas, Tracy, Ames, Griswold, Bayard, Gallatin, exerted their various powers to the utmost, in congress; and among them Harper was constantly seen, the equal adversary or coadjutor of the ablest. He sided with the federalists, and zealously supported the policy and measures of Washington, of whom he was the personal friend, as he was also of Hamilton, and others of the principal federal statesmen. Many years afterwards he collected into an octavo volume a portion of his circulars and addresses to his constituents, and a few of his speeches, as they were printed while he was a representative. These attest the vigor of his faculties, the depth of his views, and the extent of his knowledge. No member of the national councils was better acquainted with the foreign relations of his country, and the affairs of Europe, or could discuss them in a more instructive, argumentative and fluent strain. His pamphlet, published in 1797, and entitled "Observations on the Dispute between the United States and France," acquired great celebrity at home, passed rapidly through several editions in England, and was esteemed over Europe, one of the ablest productions of the crisis. The speeches which he delivered in the capacity of manager of the impeachment against Blount, on the question whether a senator of the United States be liable to impeachment, and his argument on the constitutional powers of the president and senate relative to the appointment of foreign ministers, are specimens of his capacity in the examination of constitutional points. Soon after the downfall of the federal party, he retired from congress, and, having married the daughter of the distinguished patriot, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, resumed the practice of the law in Baltimore, where he soon became eminent in his profession. Judge Chase, when impeached by the house of representatives, engaged Mr. Harper for his defence, and committed to him the duty of preparing his full answer to the articles of impeachment. The victorious answer, a master-piece in all respects, was thought to be the work of the Judge himself, and excited a lively admiration of the supposed author's powers; but he furnished towards it only a few manuscript pages of loose heads, leading topics, most of which were either omitted or essentially modified. It was mainly supplied and wholly composed by his friend and counsellor, who, in concurrence with two distinguished colleagues, Luther Martin and Joseph Hopkinson, defended him before the Senate. Mr. Harper attended almost every session of the supreme court, from the time of its removal to Washington to that of his death, and was always listened to with respect by the court. His style of speaking was animated, neat, sufficiently fluent, and uncommonly perspicuous. Juries especially felt the combined influence of his clear natural tones, simple easy gesture, lucid arrangement and impressive exposition of facts, and his faculty in applying general principles, and deducing motives or consequences at the exact point of time. Mr. Harper did not suffer his taste for literature to languish. He was a diligent reader of belles-lettres, of history, geography, travels and statistics. He was versed in the sciences of morals and government, and was particularly well acquainted with political economy, and well knew how to use, in his public addresses, the stores with which his excellent memory readily supplied him. The federal party happening to acquire the ascendant in Maryland, Mr. Harper was immediately elected, by the legislature, a senator in congress; but this

position the demands of his profession obliged him soon to relinquish. The same councils bestowed upon him the rank of major-general of the militia. About the years 1819--20, he set out for Europe with a part of his family, and visited, in succession, England, France, and Italy. He was absent from home nearly two years. Favorable circumstances, and his own reputation and merit, procured for him access to many of the most renowned personages and brilliant circles, both of Great Britain and the continent. During the few years between his return and death, he employed himself chiefly in plans of a public character, such as the promotion of internal improvement and the colonization of the blacks. He delighted in topographical and geographical studies; and the particular notice which he had bestowed upon African geography served, besides his philanthropic zeal, to draw him into the scheme of African colonization.—In private life, General Harper had signal virtues and attractions. His relatives and friends knew well the warmth and tenderness of his heart, and the generosity of his disposition. He administered aid, praise, and sympathy wherever they were due. He lived with elegant hospitality, and enjoyed the company of the young and gay. In conversation, he excelled perhaps more than he did in public speaking. He made a liberal estimate of the motives and qualities of his political antagonists. He never avoided social intercourse with any as such, but mixed with them in the kindest temper. For the leaders and principles of the federal party he retained a profound esteem. Immediately after the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson, he vindicated their measures, and predicted the final adoption of their whole policy, in an elaborate historical survey, addressed to his constituents. His sworn narrative and explanations of the conduct of those who voted for Colonel Burr, in congress, in 1801, and his printed letters, in refutation of Mr. Monroe's charges, evince further the deep concern which he took in the reputation of the federalists and the cause of truth. General Harper was above the middle size, well shaped, muscular and robust; of erect, firm gait; of regular features and expressive countenance, and of active habits. His constitution was strong and equal to fatigue, bodily or mental, until the last two years, after he had undergone a severe attack of the bilious fever. This enfeebled and extenuated his frame, and entailed upon him, or was followed by a dangerous affection, called *angina pectoris*, which kills suddenly, and when the patient may appear, and suppose himself in good health. Against this formidable enemy, he employed a strict diet and regimen, and much exercise in the open air, and at length believed it subdued. Being engaged in a very important cause, in the second week in January, 1825, in one of the Baltimore courts, he finished his argument on the morning of the 14th. The next morning, he breakfasted in good appetite and spirits, and, on rising from the table, stood near the fire, with a newspaper in his hand. In a few minutes, he was perceived to be falling, by his son, who caught him in his arms, but, ere medical aid could be procured, he was dead. He was 60 years of age.

Fox was one day expatiating to a company, in which Sheridan was present, on the impossibility of paying off the National Debt. "In fact," said he, "the creditors of the nation stand as little chance of being paid off as"—he paused for a strong illustration, but ere he could find one, Sheridan supplied it—"your own."

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 9.

A friend passing through Pottsville, writes us that the condition of things in that town is truly deplorable. The bubble has burst—the coal fever which we spoke of and exclaimed against last year, has carried off many patients, and poverty and the sheriff threaten to carry off the remainder. Mr. Shoemaker's large hotel, built at an expense of nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, and which last year rented for three thousand dollars, can now find no tenant who is willing to give even three hundred. A very worthy man who occupies a large public house just above the town, and who is permitted to live there rent free (this season at least) declares that he must abandon the premises unless the landlord can afford them on better terms! More than one hundred houses are to let, and thirty or forty unfinished ones are suspended. Every body is getting away as fast as he possibly can, for there is nothing to do, and provision is extravagantly dear—fifty cents for a meal, and a dollar for a bushel of oats. The laborers can get no money, though six months wages is due them, because their employers cannot find a market for their coal at even its present reduced price. Boat loads of adventurers are to be seen every day at the Fair Mount locks, returning from Pottsville with their families and baggage. In fact the *panic* which now exists is equal to what it was two years ago, when sound men became crazy to locate in Pottsville and dip their fingers into a coal-pit—where most who did so have been horribly scorched. The money of the place has disappeared, having been carried off by eastern speculators—the birds of passage—who tarried just long enough to make a handsome fortune, and had wit enough to be off the moment they had done so.

But though ruin seems almost ready to stalk in and take undisputed possession of the town, it is scarcely probable that a fate so hopeless will yet descend on Pottsville. Time will cure the evil—and time only. The glut of the market, which now causes every thing to stagnate, will pass away, and money again flow in among her citizens. If the inordinate appetite for entering into wild and absurd speculations has caused some to leave the *melee* penniless, the town and the people, who witness, and perhaps feel the ruinous effects of this mad career, will be gainers by the example. Business will settle quietly down to the level of a sure and moderate profit, and people in Pottsville will find it best to content themselves with a gain about equal to what any other business would afford. If the town is now suffering severely from the panic which a sudden and astounding glut of the market has occasioned, it cannot suffer to any great extent, or for any length of time. Trade will fall back into its old channels when the first shock is over, and men even there, like men every where else, will be willing to *work*, if they are only certain of being able to *live*.

Explicit directions of a letter which recently passed through the Pottsville post office from England:

"Mr. L—S—, North America, United States, Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Schuylkill County, Pottsville, Deens Park, Bulls Head, Cows Tail—near Minersville."

SKRZYNECKI.—The name of this great warrior of the nineteenth century has become familiar in the mouths of Americans as a household word, unless the difficulty of knowing how to pronounce it has prevented some from even attempting to utter it. As the correct pronunciation is important, our readers should be informed that the Polish General pronounces his name Skir-zy-nes-ky. We have heard him called Skry-necki—Skry-neck-kee, and the French papers assert that he should be called Skree-jin-et-ski. An eastern Editor offers a reward to any one who will give the true pronunciation of the name, and in reply, a correspondent who states that he was a schoolmate of the hero, asserts the true pronunciation to be as above, Skir-zy-nes-ky. A wag in the same paper advises all persons in pronouncing the name, to sneeze once or twice, and then emphatically add *ski*!

As this distinguished champion of liberty has attracted the anxious regards of freemen throughout the world, the following particulars of his history, taken from the Albany Daily, will no doubt be acceptable to our readers:—

"John Skrzynecki was born in Gallacia, a province in southern Poland of considerable extent, and is now about forty-four years of age; he was educated in Leopold. In 1806, when Napoleon entered Poland, he found an exulting welcome in the hearts of the inhabitants of that ill-fated and deeply injured country. An animated recollection of the violence which had suppressed their previous struggles against an odious foreign yoke, in inextinguishable hatred against the authors of their grievances and oppression, and that ardent love of liberty so characteristic of this gallant nation, disposed them to have hailed with joyful feelings, not only Napoleon, but Lucifer himself, had he proposed to assist them in regaining the independence of which they had been so unjustly deprived.—Skrzynecki was one of the foremost of the daring band which hurried to the field to "strike for their altars and their fires, the green graves of their sires, God and their native land;" he abandoned his home and entered the regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel Malacowski, now a general of division. In 1809, he served under Prince Joseph Poniatowski throughout the celebrated campaign of that year, and was made captain in the regiment of Constantine Czartoryski. In the campaign of Moscow, in 1812, he was promoted to a battalion, and in 1813 and 1814, repeatedly distinguished himself in several very brilliant affairs.

"At the battle of Arcis sur Aube, where the army of Napoleon were defeated by the Prince of Wurttemberg, Napoleon at a critical moment, was indebted for his safety to Skrzynecki and his battalion of brave Poles, who sheltered him within their columns, after the young guard had given way before an accidental rencontre with the advanced guard of Prince Schwartzenburg. But for Skrzynecki's timely assistance, the Emperor would certainly have been captured, and the battle of Arcis would probably have terminated his singular career. For this good service the Pole was presented with a cross of the legion of honor, and made a member of a military order in Poland, whither he retired with the "gallant few" of his countrymen, whose high toned patriotism and indomitable courage had kept them so long faithful followers of the fortunes of the Emperor.

"The subject of this notice subsequently commanded a regiment in the brigade of General Blumer, and during the last campaign of Napoleon, received, it is said, on one occasion, eighteen wounds from musket balls. He has been preserved, however, through all these perils, to be eventually entrusted with the high responsibility of repelling the legions of the Autocrat, and in his glorious efforts in this holy cause he bears with him the sincerest prayers for his success from every friend of liberty throughout the world.

"Our readers will doubtless recollect that at the commencement of the present struggle, Skrzynecki was only second in command; but that at the first battle such was the military knowledge, gallantry and devotion exhibited by him, that his superior officer immediately resigned his command to him, contenting himself with an inferior station, and declaring Skrzynecki to be by far the most competent to wield the energies of his countrymen to the best advantage. Such a tribute to merit is, we imagine, unprecedented, and subsequent events have shown it not to have been undeserved. The glorious conduct of this eminent soldier and patriot in the battles of February, and since, has endeared him to his countrymen and established for him an undying reputation. May Heaven smile upon the efforts of this courageous but ill-fated people to rescue their country from their merciless oppressors. It must be so; God is just, and his vengeance will not sleep forever.

"Yes! thy proud Lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul and dare be free."

The Boston Transcript furnishes some very interesting particulars of the Orang Outang now in that city. The study of that singular animal's habits in this country, has heretofore been defeated by the untimely death of all that have ever reached America. Being extravagantly fond of sweetmeats of all kinds, they have been suffered to gorge themselves without cessation, and death has followed in all cases.

"**THE ORANG OUTANG.**—This singular animal, of whom all have heard, and so much has been said and written, but of whom so little is certainly known, promises to afford a subject of much conversation, so soon as the preparations for exhibiting the one lately imported are completed. The Orang Outang brought to this port in the ship Octavia, Capt. Blanchard, in the year 1825, was a native of Borneo, from whence he was carried to Batavia, and falling into possession of Mr. Forrestier, of that place, he was sent consigned to Mr. Charles Thatcher, of this city, but died on the first night after his arrival. He was three feet and a half high. Dr. Jeffries, who has described him, relates the following account of his habits and manners:—"He was put on board the Octavia, under the care of Capt. Blanchard, who first saw him at Mr. Forrestier's house in Batavia. While sitting at breakfast, he heard some one enter a door behind, and found a hand placed familiarly on his shoulder; on turning round, he was not a little surprised to find a hairy negro making such an unceremonious acquaintance. George, by which name he passed, seated himself at table by direction of Mr. Forrestier, and after partaking of coffee, &c. was dismissed. He kept his house on ship board clean, and at all times in good order; he cleared it out daily of remnants of food, &c. and frequently washed it, being provided with water and a cloth for the purpose. He was clean in his person and habits, washing his hands and face regularly, and in the same manner as a man. He was docile and obedient, fond of play and amusement, but would sometimes become so rough, although in good temper, as to require correction from Capt. Blanchard, on which occasion he would lie down and cry very much in the voice of a child, appearing very sorry for having given the offence. His food was rich *paddy* in general, but he would, and did, eat almost any thing provided for him. The *paddy* he sometimes ate with molasses, and sometimes with tea, coffee, fruit, &c. which he was fond of, and was in the habit of coming to the table at dinner, to partake of wine; this was in general elaret. His mode of sitting was on an elevated seat, and not on the floor. The directions given by Mr. Forrestier, were, in case of sickness, to give him castor-oil. It was administered to him once, on the beginning of his passage, with effectual relief. He sickened a second time on the latter part of his voyage, and resisted the attempts of the captain and several strong men to get

the oil into the stomach. He continued to fail gradually, losing his appetite and strength, until he died much emaciated, soon after the ship anchored.

"The Orang Outang is generally supposed by naturalists to be exclusively an inhabitant of the larger Islands of the Indian Ocean; and the opinion that this animal is a native of Africa, has probably originated from the accounts, related by travellers, of the Pongo, an ape of extraordinary magnitude, of whose exploits the negroes narrate incredible stories. The Westminster Review, however, sanctions a belief in the existence of the African Orang Outang, of whom the following anecdote is related in a late number of that Journal:—"The name of the Orang Outang in Africa is *Rong Oton*, which is believed to mean wild man. In confirmation of the name's signifying wild man, the Africans maintain that there are two races, a black and a white, which they consider as a harmony with what takes place in the human species, and it is true, as stated by some of the old voyagers, that there is a popular opinion that the Orang Outangs are men, who refuse to speak, lest they should be made to work."

Naturalists have differed on the origin of the Orang Outang, some contending it was but one or two removes below the human species, and others that it was in fact a branch of the human family itself. Its anatomical structure, however, is essentially different from the human body, and other animals exist approaching much nearer to the latter species. It is greatly to be desired that the specimen now in Boston may be well taken care of, and be generally exhibited throughout the country. It is decidedly as great a curiosity as the Siamese Youths.

CAUTION AGAINST TIGHT STAY-LACING.—On Tuesday evening, an inquest was holden before Mr. Baker at the Rose and Crown public house, Charles-street, Stepney, on view of the body of Miss Betsy Harris, a fine young woman, 22 years of age, who came to her death under the following circumstances:—

Mr. Richard Pater, a Surgeon, residing in the Commercial road, stated that on Sunday evening last he was sent for to attend the deceased. On going to her mother's house, he found her lying on the carpet in the back parlor. She was then quite dead, but the body was not cold. For the satisfaction of her friends he opened a vein in the arm, but only a few drops of blood followed the incision. On the morning he opened the body and head of the deceased, and found the brain in a state of congestion. This, he imagined, was produced by compression on the descending aorta, from a very hearty meal and great pressure from the stays of the deceased, which at the time of her death was really incredible. The effects of the pressure was, that the blood was prevented from passing in its ordinary course to the lower extremities, and consequently caused a greater flow of it to the lungs and brain. The heart, the lungs, the stomach, and intestines were perfectly healthy, but the two latter were considerably distended with fluids and food. There was an excessive quantity of roast beef and spinnach in the stomach, which appeared to have been but recently taken. He was of opinion that the congestion of blood on the brain, which she was predisposed to from her make, and which was occasioned by the pressure he had before described, produced apoplexy, which was the cause of the death of the deceased.

Mrs. Rogers, a lady living next door to the deceased, deposed that about half-past eight o'clock on Sunday evening, she was called in to see the deceased. On entering the house the deceased lay in the passage apparently life-

less, and seemed as if she had just expired. She was removed into the back parlor, and she (witness) assisted in unloosing her clothes, which were extremely tight around the body. Her stays were laced particularly tight—so much so, as in her (witness's) opinion to cause a very unhealthy and improper pressure. Indeed she did not know how the deceased could have borne them on, and was not surprised at their having occasioned her death. There were no marks of violence on the body. The deceased lived with her mother and sister, and, as far as she (witness) was able to judge, they lived on the most friendly and affectionate terms with each other. Witness saw the deceased on Sunday morning, when she appeared in perfect health.

Mrs. Anne Maria Wood, sister to the deceased, said that she was at the house of her mother on Sunday evening, when the deceased died. Throughout the day she was in excellent health and spirits, and ate a hearty dinner of roast beef, spinach, pudding, bread and ale, about one o'clock. She made no complaint of illness during the evening, but merely once or twice said that she felt rather sleepy. About eight o'clock the deceased was standing with her mother at the front door, admiring the beauties of the moon. Her mother observed that it was absurd to imagine that the moon had a face. Upon which the deceased remarked, that that which was generally taken for, and called by some the man, and by others the face in the moon, were mountains, and that it (the moon) formed another world. Just as she pronounced the last word, she fell back in the hall, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma," and never spoke more.

The jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict that the deceased died of apoplexy, produced by her stays being too tightly laced, and expressed a hope that the proceedings might get publicity, as they might serve to warn females against a practice which was so decidedly injurious to their health, and in many instances the cause of death.

ANAGRAMS.

Partial Men
Mind his map
Into my arm
Grea help
Yes Milton
Spare him not
Queer as mad
Rover eat Pig
Tim in a pet
Sly ware
Neat Tailors
Red-nuts and gin

Parliament.
Midshipman.
Matrimony.
Telegraph.
Solemnity.
Misanthrope.
Masquerade.
Prerogative.
Impatient.
Lawyers.
Alterations.
Understanding.

SERVANTS.—The extraordinary command which this class of people can, on the most irritating occasions, exercise over their temper and language, discovers how much self-control is within the power of everybody, if they choose to exert it.

FOPPERY.—From the age of eighteen to that of five-and-twenty, I would wish to see any one, in whom I am interested, a fop. It is the fermentation, the froth, the scum, that youth casts off during these years, when pure gentility alone remains. There's for you a metaphor from vulgar malt in enhancement of fashionable puppyism! Besides, the inanity of dandyism is such a convenient cloak, such a mask for any character of design that one may wish to devolve of complete.

STEPHEN GIRARD.—It appears by an article in the Boston Transcript, that this man, so generally known for his extensive business in the city of Philadelphia, and as generally respected and esteemed for his good qualities of heart, rose from the humblest condition in life to his present immense wealth and almost unbounded usefulness, solely by his own individual exertions, unaided and uncheered in his progress by the assistance or countenance of any individual. At the age of eight years he was thrown upon the world and his own native resources, and from the trifling wages of a cabin boy defrayed the expenses of learning to read and write, and fitted himself for the great business which he has for a long time carried on, without serving any counting-house apprenticeship, or receiving any instruction in that line save what he gave himself. Such examples are highly worthy of imitation, and the knowledge of them is at all times valuable to the world. Many a lad, by the perusal of the history of such a man as the Great Philadelphia Banker, and touched by the spirit of emulation, may adopt in early life, and pursue to its consummation a similar course of conduct, and become useful to himself and to the world.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post thus closes a very complimentary notice of the recent horticultural exhibition in Philadelphia—"A peculiar order of things has sprung up in the city and neighborhood of Philadelphia, under the fostering care and well directed energies of the excellent founder of the horticultural society. It has been no less his aim by disseminating useful knowledge to enlighten the minds of those who are engaged in the operative branches of horticulture, than to increase the wealth and consequence of the community to which the institution belongs. To the citizens this establishment has been of incalculable advantage, for they can now have an abundance of the rarest and best fruits and vegetables at a comparatively low price; we trust that they will ever gratefully remember to whom they are thus indebted, and that they will continue to 'give honor where honor is due.'"

PROPHECY OF LORD BYRON.—In his journal, under date of January 13, 1821, Lord Byron writes: "Dined—news come—the powers mean to war with the people. The intelligence seems positive—let it be so—they will be beaten in the end. The *King-times* are fast finishing. There will be blood shed like water, and tears like mist; but the people will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it—but I foresee it."

CURE FOR AN INVETERATE SCOLD.—Take of common sense thirty grains, decent behaviour one scruple, due consideration ten grains, mix and sprinkle the whole with one moment's thought, to be taken as soon as any of the periodical causes appear. N. B. The patient must be careful to guard against any thing that tends to heat the blood, such as spirituous liquors, &c.

CHEAP LIVING.—"You haint got no more cold victuals for me, is you?" said a beggar boy, whose basket was well charged with the fat of the land. "I've given you enough already," replied the citizen, "what do you want with so much meat?" "Oh! I doesn't want it myself, but my mammy keeps a *boarding house*, and she expects some visitors to dinner, so I thought as how you mought help her out."

From the Camden Star.

HOPE.

When first the morning planets sang,
And earth's responsive pæans rang
Loud hallelujahs, pealing high,
Where sons of God did shout for joy:
Hope left her starry dwelling place,
To bless and solace Adam's race,
Till time's transitions all were o'er
And spherical worlds revolv'd no more.

Hope was the meed to Enoch given
In his long pilgrimage with heaven,
Till from the evil years to come,
His Maker took the patriarch home:
Translated borne, on seraph's wings,
Exempt from dissolution's stings,
Created man his homage pays,
Before the ancient one of days.

Hope was the star of Noah's Ark,
O'er watery worlds through tempests dark,
And wreath'd her pure resplendent form
Around the pinions of the storm:
Hope gave the weary trembling dove
The symbol leaf of peace and love,
And spoke 'mid desolation's gloom,
Of green rob'd lands in Eden's bloom.

And when Beersheba's parching wild
Scorch'd dark-eyed Hagar's outcast child,
Hope led the sad Egyptian's feet
To the clear streamlet's cool retreat,
And through the wastes and pathless sands
Of lone Arabia's desert lands,
The light of Hope before them thrown,
For forty years led Israel on.

Hope, when the stripling shepherd took
The five smooth pebbles from the brook,
Strong nerv'd the heart to daring deeds,
And Gath's proud champion prostrate bleeds;
And Hope the sleep to David gave,
As quiet in Engedi's cave,
As when in royalty he shone,
In Hebron's Vale, on Judah's throne.

Hope, when Elijah calmly stood
Prepar'd to part by Canaan's flood,
In kindling fires of sacred flame,
Around his Tishbite follower came:
Hope bade his breast's high pulses swell,
Hope caught the mantle as it fell,
And Jordan's banks Elisha trod,
A mighty Prophet of his God.

'Tis Hope that o'er our darkest night
Can fling her beams of holy light,
'Tis Hope that, when misfortunes lour,
Can raise the mind beyond their power:
Hope still sustains, and when the last
Of mortal pangs and sorrows past,
She aids the struggling spirit's flight
To mansions of unfading light.

Hope brightens life and lightens death,
From earliest thought to latest breath,
Rests with our dust beneath the sod,
And with the soul ascends to God:
Untiring as the Eternal cause
That rules the course of nature's laws,
Hope's angel offices are given,
A chain whose links lift earth to heaven.

I bless thy radiant vistas bright,
Thy onward, upward, stayless flight,
Faithful companion of the heart,
Oh, from my bosom never part:
But shine effulgent, till thy ray
Expands in full and glorious day,
Where life's cold wintry journey ends
In meeting of long parted friends. ROSE.

AN INDEPENDENT OYSTERMAN.—At many of the oyster-cellars in New York, the signs are inscribed with—"Oysters on the Canal Street Plan." But an Irishman, who keeps a cellar near the Chatham Theatre, with a praiseworthy spirit of independence, both in the matter of business and spelling, has a sign lettered thus—"Oysters on my OEN Plan, as good as any Plan."

HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Pious, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

From the N. Y. Constellation.

BUYING A PRIZE.

There's many a slip between cup and lip.—*Old Saying.*
A fellow not much acquainted with the tricks of Dame Fortune, went into a lottery office in Broadway a few days since, and wished to purchase the highest prize, which was exhibited before the door in glaring figures, "\$20,000!" He was asked if he would have a half ticket or a whole one.

"A whole one, to be sure," said Hodge, "there's no use in plaguing one's self with half a prize; give us the whole or none—twenty thousand dollars say I."

He paid the cash, took his ticket and went away. During the interval between the purchase and the drawing, his head ran continually on the twenty thousand dollars. He could not sleep o'nights, or if he slept, it was only to dream of money—of gold and silver by the bushel, or bank-bills by the acre—and to talk in his sleep of the wealth he was about to possess. His reveries—his day-dreams as well as his sleeping ones—were of riches. He speculated on the pleasure he would enjoy—on the figure he would cut in the world. He laid various plans of employing and enjoying his wealth.—He would purchase houses, horses, carriages; he would live in fine style; he would have servants to attend him; and above all, he would eat as much gingerbread and lick as much lasses as he had a mind to. He would also get him a handsome wife. The haughty Tabitha Tallboy, who had so long baffled his gallant endeavors, would no more turn up her nose at Mr. Hodge—the rich Mr. Hodge—Peter Hodge Esquire. He would bring the proud hussy to terms, if he didn't he would eat a live raccoon, that's all.

The drawing took place, and Hodge, after a sleepless night, called at the lottery office for his prize. Walking in with the gait and dignity of a man who comes to receive money and not to pay it, he laid his ticket upon the counter and said—

"Now, Mister, I will take that little change, if it's convenient."

"Change!"

"Ay, that prize."

"But, sir, you've drawn a blank."

"I've drawn a blank! I wonder if I have?—I tell you what it is, Mister, I hadn't nothing to do with the drawing—I didn't touch a finger to it. But I purchased a prize here of you t'other day of twenty thousand dollars; and so that's what I'm come after now—so none of your fooling."

"But I tell you sir, that your ticket has drawn a blank."

"Well, I don't care if it's drawn a blanket—that's no consairn of mine. All I want is the twenty thousand dollars that I bought and paid for, not a week ago."

"But consider, dear sir——"

"Consider! I tell you I wont consider—I'm none of your considering chaps—I always go straight ahead—no quips and quirks for me—none of your ramfoozling."

"I tell you, sir, you're mistaken."

"Mistaken! So I am deucedly mistaken—I thought you was an honest man. But you see there's no use in trifling with me—I'm a man after my own heart. I purchased the highest prize and I'll have it by the holy poker. I've

got a cart here at the door. Here, you whipper-snapper, bring in that large trunk, will you?"

"But I repeat, sir, that you have no money to receive; I am sorry to say it."

"So am I bloody sorry you should say it.—But tell me, Mister, will you count out that are money, or not?"

"I cannot."

"Do you see this sledge-hammer?" raising his brawny fist.

"I see it."

"Do you calculate to pay it in gold, or silver, or bank bills?"

"Here is some very strange mistake, sir; and if you will allow me to explain, I can convince you——"

"Very well—but if you don't convince me, you see this ere death-maul," again elevating his fist.

The lottery man entered into an explanation of the freaks of Dame Fortune, and at length succeeded in convincing his customer that his expected prize was actually a blank. Still the disappointment was so great, that he could not bear it with a calm mind, and he exclaimed—

"Well, if this doesn't beat all my great grandmother's relations, then there's no snakes—to pay the sum of ten dollars for the highest prize, and not get a cent at last!"

"Such a thing will happen sometimes."

"It's jofired hard though, I'll be hanged if it aint. At least, Mister, you ought to circumfund the money."

"I cant afford that."

"Well, just pay the cartman then."

"I'm sorry to say I can't do it; but if you'll purchase another ticket I think I can promise you better luck next time—the highest prize is thirty thousand dollars!"

"Thirty thousand dog's tails! don't tell me none of your pelaver—I've been cheated onc't and that's enough for me—I'll never get catched a second time. Here, you cartman, you may load up this ere trunk again. I'll never trust these lottery sellers any more, if I do, dang my gizzard, that's all." Then giving the broker a look of irreconcilable hatred, he left the office. He, however, pretty soon accomodated his mind again to his humble prospects—declared that houses, horses, and those sort of things were only a plague to a man—and as to Tabitha Tallboy, she might go to Old Nick for him—he'd never think of her again as long as he lived.

UP AND DOWN.—A gentleman going home one night, rather late, saw a man on the ground with another on him, beating him violently.—Upon this he remonstrated with the upper man, telling him his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up and have an equal chance with him. The fellow looked the gentleman in the face and drily replied, "Faith, sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him up so readily."

AN HONEST CARPENTER.—A gentleman whose house was undergoing repairs, called in shortly after the job was commenced to see how the workmen got on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the head carpenter, "Why don't you take care of these nails? they will certainly get lost." "Oh no sir," replied Mr. Foreplane, "you'll find them all in the bill."

MISCELLANY.

MATERNAL INGENUITY,

OR, TRYING TO HOOK A BACHELOR.

"Don't you think my daughter Zephyrina is a very fine figure?" said Mrs. Long, the other evening to Mr. Short, as she was sitting beside him on the sofa, and Zephyrina was playing on the harp. Mrs. Long had several daughters to dispose of, and Mr. Short was a bachelor well to do in the world. His temper was a little crabbed, and his wit a little sarcastic; but Mrs. Long had daughters to marry, the eldest of whom, Zephyrina, was none of the youngest. Her precise age we do not know, and if we did, it would not be polite to mention it.

"Don't you think my daughter Zephyrina is a very fine figure?" said Mrs. Long with a glance of maternal satisfaction.

"Umph!" muttered Mr. Short, as he tapped his snuff box for the third time, "very much like a figure 5, I think!"

"A figure 5!" said Mrs. Long, a little mortified, though she knew the disposition of Mr. Short. "A figure 5, do you say, Mr. Short? Oh, now you must be thinking of your interest table. Compare my daughter Zephyrina to a figure 5! Fie, fie on you, Mr. Short; you'll never get married as long as you live."

"If I don't, it will be no fault of yours, Mrs. Long," said Mr. Short, as he threw a long pinch of snuff up his nose.

"True, true," said Mrs. Long, with a look of great kindness, "I take an interest in the welfare of my neighbors, and like to see all the single gentlemen provided for. Don't you think Zephyrina plays the harp and sings with a great deal of taste?"

"I think her execution is uncommon."

"I am glad you approve it, Mr. Short."

"I didn't say I approved it, Mrs. Long; I merely said 'twas uncommon—very much like the noise of two cats in a gutter."

"Oh you shocking man! Mr. Short—you've no taste, no feeling."

"But I can hear very sensibly, Mrs. Long," piffing his fingers in his ears.

"You've no music in your soul, as Handmill says."

"That cursed noise has driven it all out."

"Indeed, Zephyrina's voice is not exactly in tune to night; but I think she plays and sings remarkably well, for one of her age, don't you, Mr. Short?"

"Umph! ay—for that matter, she is indeed rather old to learn."

"Old! Mr. Short?"

"Ay, madam, you know they learn these things much better in their younger days."

"How old do you take my daughter Zephyrina to be, Mr. Short?"

"Lord! ma'am, how should I know? I was't at the christening. But she's no chicken."

"As true as I'm alive, Mr. Short, she is only nine—"

"And twenty, Mrs. Long? Well, I'm not a judge of these matters, but I should say—"

"She looks ten years older than she really is. She has a very womanly look for one of her age—don't you think she has, Mr. Short?"

"Umph! I think she has some resemblance to a woman."

"She was as forward at fifteen, though I say it, as most girls are at twenty-five."

"I hate your forward chits."

"But you don't understand me, Mr. Short; I mean she was as forward in womanly accomplishments, and in a womanly appearance."

"Oh, as to the appearance, I could swear she had been a woman these dozen years."

Dancing was now proposed, and as Mr. Short protested against shaking the foot, even

though Zephyrina was ready to be his partner, Mrs. Long still entertained him with the accomplishments of her daughter.

"Don't you admire Zephyrina's dancing?"

"I can't say that I am a judge of those small matters, Mrs. Long."

"You're too modest, Mr. Short."

"It's a rare fault, Mrs. Long."

"Observe with what grace she moves; I really think she dances remarkably, for one of her age, don't you think so, Mr. Short?"

"Umph! I think she dances much better than the elephant. In fact, the elephant is a very clumsy dancer."

"Fie, fie on you! Mr. Short, to compare my daughter Zephyrina to a four legged beastess."

"Why, that's not her fault, you know ma'am."

"Whose fault?"

"Why, your daughter's that she was't made a beastess too, as you call the elephant."

"I hope no insinuations, Mr. Short?"

"Oh Lord! no ma'am, I hav'n't an insinuating turn."

"Don't you think Zephyrina is just about the right height?"

"I think she's rather Long."

"Do you indeed, Mr. Short? I hope you don't think it an objection."

"Objection! Oh by no means—she may be Long—ay, as long as she pleases—I've no objection."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Mr. Short. Zephyrina is certainly rather tall of her age."

"I hate a beanpole."

"How your mind is always wandering from the point, Mr. Short. If I talk of music, you talk of cats in the gutter; if I speak of a lady's dancing, you talk of the movements of an elephant; if I speak of a tall young woman, you immediately fly to a beanpole."

"That is my misfortune, Mrs. Long."

"Well, well, every body must have their little peculiarities. Did I ever show you my daughter Zephyrina's drawings?"

"Of beer, or cider?"

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Short?"

"Why, I don't pretend to know, I'm sure, ma'am."

"I spoke about Zephyrina's drawing and you talk about beer or cider. I mean her drawings of birds and flowers, Mr. Short."

"Oh—ay—yes—I understand you."

"Just step to this table, Mr. Short, and we can examine them to more advantage. There! what do you think of that, Mr. Short?"

"That's a beautiful crow."

"A crow! Mr. Short—ha! ha! ha! a crow! Why, what in the world can you be thinking of? That's a robin red-breast."

"Well, I dare say it is, now you mention it, Mrs. Long—but I really took it to be a crow. The truth is, these things should always have the names written underneath."

"So I told Zephyrina—but la! she said they'd speak for themselves."

"Caw! Caw!—I beg your pardon, ma'am, that's the note of a crow, and now I recollect you said this was a robin red-breast."

"This was one of Zephyrina's first attempts: the next is more perfect. Look at this, Mr. Short," turning over a leaf.

"What a pretty looking gosling!"

"Oh murder! Mr. Short—I thought you was a man of more taste."

"I admire a young goose, well stuffed and roasted."

"But I mean in drawing."

"Did you ever see me drawing a cork, Mrs. Long?"

"Nonsense! Now you've got from beer and cider to corks. A gosling indeed! Why, this is a goldfinch, Mr. Short."

'I'm very glad you informed me, Mrs. Long, for really my taste in painted birds is so small, that I took that to be a gosling. Ah, what's here? A codfish, as I'm alive, and a charming one it is.'

'Oh, Mr. Short, Mr. Short, how can you be so stupid? That's a butterfly.'

'Is that a butterfly! Mrs. Long? do you say, upon your honor, that codfish is a butterfly.'

'Fie! fie! Mr. Short; I've as good a mind, as ever I had to eat, not to show you another living thing. You've no taste in ornithology.—Perhaps you'll like the flowers better, isn't that beautiful.'

'What! that cabbage? I never could abide a cabbage.'

'Cabbage! Oh shocking! call that rose a cabbage.'

'Is that a rose?'

'Indeed it is, a damask rose. Look at this, Mr. Short.'

'What, that mullein? Well, that is pretty must confess—it's as natural as life.'

'That's a carnation, Mr. Short.'

'Oh! a carnation, is it? well I dare say you're right—yes, it must be a carnation, now I think of it.'

'Don't you think on the whole, Mr. Short, that Zephyrina draws surprisingly for one of her age.'

'I must confess I never saw the like.'

'I'm charmed to hear you say so, Mr. Short—the approbation of a man of taste is highly gratifying.'

'I've very little taste in these things, as I said before.'

'Take a piece of this cake, Mr. Short, and a glass of wine. The cake is of Zephyrina's own making.'

'Umph!'

'Light as a cork—don't you find it so.'

'Heavy as a grindstone,' muttered Mr. Short—'Shan't be able to sleep a wink to-night—terrible thing for the dyspepsia. I'll take another glass of wine, if you please ma'am. Found the cake!'

'Zephyrina, dear, I wish you'd entertain Mr. Short a few moments, while I——'

'I'll take my leave, Mrs. Long. Good night.'

Mr. Short took his leave, and Mrs. Long declared to her daughter Zephyrina, that she thought any further attempt to catch the crabbed old bachelor would be labor thrown away, and that she should presently bait her hook for some smaller fry.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

How completely a fine poetical thought may be destroyed by the alteration of a single word! I recollect a ludicrous instance of this. I was quoting to M——, who is rather deaf, a line of Campbell's, as being, in my opinion, equal to any ever produced:

"And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciuseo fell."

"I dare say you are right," replied M——; but it does not quite please me: I must think of it." And he repeated,

"And Freedom squeak'd—as Kosciuseo fell."

L—— of the —th Dragoons, was a great admirer of the "Hohenlinden" of the same poet, and used frequently to recite it; but instead of

"Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!

And charge with all thy chivalry,"—

fancying no doubt, that the poet, from ignorance of military terms, had committed a blunder, he used invariably to say,

"And charge with all thy cavalry."

I once heard two whimsical blunders made in the course of a performance of Macbeth, at a

poor little country theatre. The Lady Macbeth who, not unlikely, had been a laundress, instead of saying merely

"A little water clears us of this deed,"

chose to "make assurance doubly sure," and said—"A little soap-and-water." And presently after, for

"We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it,—the thane, looking with an air of profound mystery at his tender mate, whispered her,

We have catch a snake and killed it!"

GOLD ON THE TEETH OF SHEEP.—There is an opinion among the peasantry of Scotland, that Gold may be discovered by examining the teeth of sheep feeding on pastures where it is subjoined. A correspondent of the *Mag. Nat. Hist.* says—"I think in one of the Roman Poets there is a passage to the same effect. I have part of the jaw of a sheep, in which the teeth are covered with iron pyrites, looking like silver.—This explains the origin of the above opinions; the coating of silver, or gold-like pyrites, being probably derived from the water or soil of the pastures where the sheep have fed."

WOMEN.—Women are treated by good men as friends, by libertines as playthings, and by cowards as slaves. Women who desert the vindication of their own sex, are like soldiers who forsake their own cause on the field of battle, and standing between two armies, are exposed to the fire of both. Beauty and spirit are women's weapons of defence; without them they have nothing to shield them from being ill-treated.

LENGTHENING OF THE DAYS.—Seldon, in his *Table Talk*, says "The lengthening of days is not suddenly perceived till they are grown a pretty deal longer, because the sun, though it be in a circle, yet it seems for a while to go in a straight line. For take a segment of a great circle especially, and you shall doubt whether it be straight or no. But when the sun has got past that line, then you presently perceive the days are lengthened. Thus it runs in the winter and summer solstice, which is indeed the true reason of them."

"Time," said Lord Plunkett, "is the great destroyer of evidence, but he is also the great protector of titles. If he comes with a scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our possessions, he holds an hour glass in the other from which he incessantly metes out the portions of duration that are to tender these muniments no longer necessary." In the celebrated trial of Rowan, Curran beautifully said—"You are standing on the scanty isthmus that divides the great ocean of duration; on the one side is the past, on the other is the future, a ground that, whilst you yet hear me, is washed beneath your feet."

USE OF TIME.—Dr. Cotton Mather, who was a man of uncommon despatch and activity in the management of his numerous affairs, and improved every minute of his time, that he might not suffer by silly, impertinent, and tedious visitors, wrote over his study door, in large letters, "Be short."

Ever hold time too precious to be spent
With babblers.—*Shakespeare.*

"Friends," says Lord Bacon, "are robbers of our time."

It is a great pleasure to us to be able to return acknowledgements to the very large number of subscribers who have voluntarily and honorably paid their dues; we thank them sincerely, and will endeavor to evince our gratitude by renewed exertions in behalf of the Ariel.

On looking over our books, however, we regret to perceive a few names not credited. Believing, after the call which we have already made, that such delay can proceed from no other cause than an intention of wronging us, we have come to the determination to pursue such a course as shall convince them that we will not be imposed upon. Whether we want money or not, is immaterial; we want justice—a fair and immediate settlement of the small sums honestly due us. And we are determined that if after the 30th of July next, a solitary delinquent appears on our books, it shall be unreservedly exposed in a **BLACK LIST** prepared expressly for the occasion, and there held up for six months, as a caution to all publishers throughout the country, against those who have neither honesty nor principle to pay for a paper which they meanly order with the view of **DEFRAUDING** the publisher.

We again repeat that our hearty thanks are due to our real patrons, and that the greatest care will be observed to credit all remittances, in order that the honorable and innocent may not suffer with the **GUILTY**.

THE BRIGHT SUMMER-TIME.

We met in a region of gladness,
We met in the beautiful bowers,
Where the wanderer loses his sadness,
Mid blossoms, and sunbeams, and flowers;
Around us, sweet voices were breathing
The songs of a far distant clime;
Above us, in garlands were wreathing
The buds of the bright Summer-time!

That vision of fairy-land never
Can fade from my heart or my sight—
It casts on my pathway for ever
Its sparkles of magical light;
I still hear the harp's joyous measure,
Still scent the faint bloom of the lime;
Oh! years cannot banish one pleasure
I felt in the bright summer-time!

THE VIRGIN'S FIG TREE.—Near Cairo is an old sycamore, or wild fig-tree, under which tradition says that the Virgin reposed after the flight into Egypt. There are a few names and crosses cut on it. It is an old root cut over, with new shoots springing from it. Near it is a well of good water, said to have been sweetened through being used by the Virgin on the occasion alluded to.

LONDON PUNS.—In the late election for members of Parliament, Alderman Ward was a candidate to represent the city of London. Being opposed to reform, he was defeated; remarking upon which event, the London Atlas says, "not one of the wards but was backward to back Ward. There was no ward that stood forward for Ward. May every opponent of Reform meet with the same reward."

DEATHS.

At Stonington, Connecticut, Mr. Aaron Savage. He was with Captain Riley, when cast away on the Coast of Africa, and taken by the natives.

At Plattsburg, N. Y. Mr. Joel Buck, aged 72 years, and on the same day, about nine hours afterwards, Mrs. Huljah Buck, his wife, aged 73 years. This aged and respectable couple had been about 53 years united in life, and in death they were not separated.

In London, on the 6th May, after a few days sickness with a fever, the Rev. Sutherland Douglass, formerly Rector of St. John's Church, Georgetown, D. C.

At Bloomfield, N. J. on Wednesday last, Mr. Edward Cockefair, aged 60 years. His death was occasioned by the kick of a horse. His horse being loose in the stable, kicked at him as he went in—he struck the horse, who again raised his heels and gave him a blow that instantly terminated his earthly existence.

At Duxbury Harbor, Capt. Sylvanus Weston. He fell from a boat and was picked up immediately, but life was extinct. At different periods of his existence he had risked his own life, and thereby saved the lives of five young men, who must have perished without his kind and timely interference.

At Guilford, N. H. Stephen P. Dow, aged 20. While at work in the new Factory, turning iron upon a lathe, moved by water power, the ends of his neck handkerchief caught in the engine, which drew his neck instantly upon the roller, severed his windpipe, and fastened his neck to it, in which situation he probably remained about 15 minutes, unperceived by those at work in the same room.—Life was nearly extinct when discovered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M L, Newburyport, received, & E B Jr. credited in full.—R C G, Lewistown, Pa. charged with two subscriptions (J F and G G.)—Valley, Pa.—Several premiums have been ordered to be sent by mail: as this has probably been without considering the postage, we mention before putting the books in the post office, that the postage on two copies of the Pearl alone amounts to near \$2. Some other way can probably be pointed out by which they can be forwarded at less cost.—D B, of Catskill, has credit for Vols. 4 and 5.—H W W, Cambridge, Ms. \$6.—Balance due from Ypsilanti is 50 cents.—J B's remittance (\$10) from Hollenbeck, Ms. is received.—G P L, Portsmouth, RI, \$1.50.—The account of our Nashville agent is correct. Who is C B W, for whom \$1.50 is paid? A new or an old subscriber?—C A, Miami, O. received (\$15.)—J A, New Hartford, NY, received (\$3.)—J C W, Kingston, received and credited in full.—\$5 received from J W, Concord, Pa.

A correspondent desires to know something in relation to an institution for the tuition of the blind, which he supposes to exist in this part of the country, or at the eastward. We are not aware of the existence of any such institution. Should any of our friends be able to communicate any information on the subject, they will oblige us by so doing, and confer an especial favor on a young man who has had the misfortune to become blind.

The Original Tale from our Kingston, North Carolina, correspondent possesses interest, but is not written with sufficient care for insertion in our paper.

Our Jersey friend who flatters himself with the belief of having discovered the long-sought perpetual motion, is misinformed. There is no premium existing either in this country or in Europe for the discovery of perpetual motion. All scientific men of any eminence have long since decided that there has already been enough and far too much labor lost, and too much mind wasted in the vain search, to hold out any encouragement for others to fritter away their time and talents. Our friend has doubtless evinced a great share of ingenuity, and a creditable knowledge of the true principles of science in his invention.

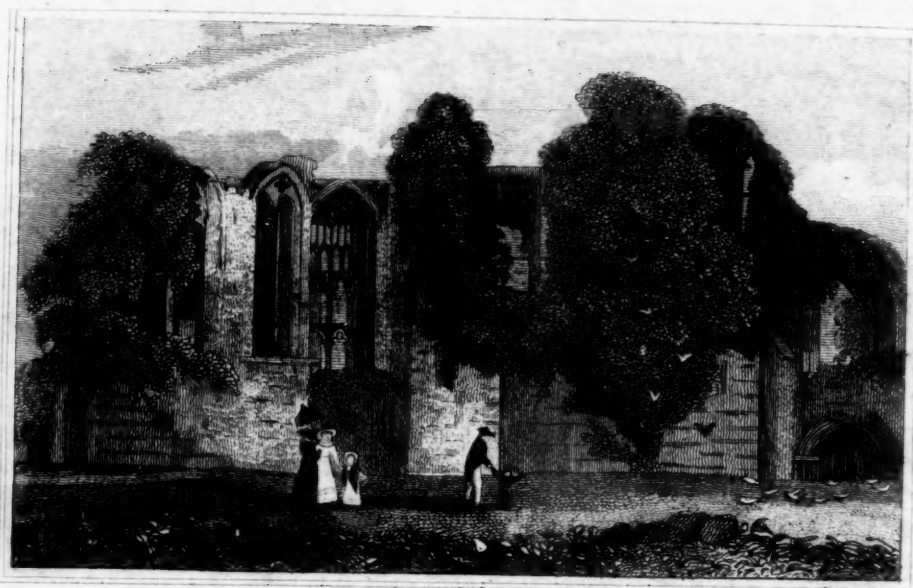
The French National Guards were first organized in 1789, and not during the Consulship of Napoleon, as our correspondent supposes. They originally consisted of forty eight thousand citizens, and it was during the following year that the national assembly decreed that to enjoy the rights of citizenship it was necessary to be a member of the National Guards.

H. L. is too severe. Though we like to be independent, and may sometimes happen to be caustic, we cannot consent to punish an adversary so unmercifully.

Subscribers are informed that notes of a less denomination than \$5, if genuine, are received at par in payment of subscriptions.

PUBLISHED

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,
BY EDMUND MORRIS,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,
NO. 95½ CHESNUT STREET, UP STAIRS,
PHILADELPHIA.
Price, \$1.50 yearly—Payable in advance.



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